

Part 1:

When I first moved in the closet, I had no idea what I had to do. The only thing that I knew for sure was that I was in a house where a newlywed couple recently moved in. I was just a 6 feet tall shadow monster that lived in the closet of an empty room on the second floor.

I don't know if this helps to answer my question in the title, but I'm currently a 10 feet tall black monster. My eyes are white, and I have several rows of sharp teeth. I'm able to form into a type of shadow on the ground, which helps me slip under closed doors and move around without getting noticed. While I don't have a name, I do like to be called Shadow.

A few months passed, and I noticed that the room was getting more furniture. Cribs, shelves, and baby toys slowly filled the once empty room. Back then, I didn't understand what was going on. But overtime, I realized that the couple were getting new babies.

A few months later, and the couple have given birth to twins. A boy and a girl that I watched over. They were really fussy babies, but I loved them like they were my own children.

I watched them say their first words, take their first steps, and go to their very first day of school.

Their names were Addison and Andrew.

Addison loved playing with her dolls, playing dress up, and playing pretend. Andrew loved playing sports, being with his friends, and playing with his action figures. They were adorable 6 year olds.

Of course, they have never seen me before. I made sure I was hidden well. But I've always watched over them with a proud smile on my face.

It always broke my heart whenever one of them cried because of their fear of the dark. I always wished I could go up to them and comfort them when they are upset, but I couldn't let them see me.

But then their mother passed away.

She was in a car crash. It wasn't even her fault. It was the other driver's fault. He was drunk driving and was going way over the speed limit.

Their mother was a very kind woman. She didn't deserve the fate she got. To this day, I still wonder if there was anything that I could've done to stop their mother from dying. Maybe I could've written another errand on the list of things she needed to do before she went on the street where it happened. Maybe I could've hidden the car key somewhere. Sometimes I just wish that I could go back in time to prevent their mother's death.

But shortly after her funeral, I noticed that their father started drinking and doing drugs. When I found out, I was beyond ticked off. He had to take care of his children! Not do drugs and drink until he passed out drunk!

A little while later, I started getting a sinking feeling in my chest. You know that feeling you get when you know something was about to go horribly wrong? That was the feeling I got.

So then I started learning how to use technology. When everyone was asleep, I would sneak out of the closet, and go on their laptop. Which is how I'm currently typing this up. I chosen this site because it looks like people are familiar with the supernatural on here. So I came here because I was absolutely sure that if I posted this somewhere else, people wouldn't believe me and wouldn't help me out.

I learned how to use technology so I can get help just in case anything goes wrong. But as technology advanced, it started to become harder to keep up with it.

Today, Addison and Andrew are both 10 years old and I am very proud of them both. They both have separate rooms, making it a little harder to watch over them both at the same time, but I try.

But lately, strange things have been going on around here.

It all started last week. Andrew invited two of his friends for a sleepover. The sleepover started off alright. Everyone was laughing and having fun.

But then later on, his friends started saying rude stuff to Andrew. One of his friends said that he was going to die alone. His other friend said that he was a loser and wasn't worth anything. I could see Andrew getting upset, and I felt rage come in throughout my body.

At around bedtime, his friend and Andrew went to bed. Well, his "friends" went to bed at least. Andrew stayed up, crying. All I could do was watch helplessly as Andrew cried himself to sleep. Which is around the time I decided to go to bed too.

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I woke up to a scream from outside. I looked outside the closet, to see the carpet covered in some red stain on the carpet. Both of his friends were missing. Andrew was crying and running downstairs. It broke my heart to see Andrew cry like that. I could hear him asking his dad where his friends went.

I looked down at myself, and noticed that I was covered in red liquid too. I noticed my teeth were covered in it too.

I immediately went into my shadow form and went to the bathroom. I cleaned all of the red liquid off, somehow without being spotted. I went to Addison's closet to hide there for a while. Addison was downstairs eating breakfast while trying to comfort her brother.

I was shocked to see their mothers come later, asking where Andrew's friends went. I thought that they picked up their kids. A few minutes later, I was forced to watch helplessly as their parents, Andrew and Addison cried hysterically, not knowing what was going on. I just wanted to go comfort their mothers, Andrew, and Addison. But I knew I couldn't. The police searched the house, but was especially interested in the red stain in the carpet.

The police questioned Andrew, Addison, their dad, and the mothers on their disappearances. It felt like the police were there for hours. Eventually, they left, and the people who clean up crime scenes came in and got the red liquid out of the carpet. I didn't think that it was necessary to bring in the crime scene cleaners to clean up the stain, since it was probably just some red juice. But I didn't say anything.

Andrew was too spooked to sleep in his room, so he ended up sleeping on the floor of Addison's bedroom.

Over the next few days, their dad started drinking more and more. One day, he got incredibly drunk.

He was walking around the kitchen, screaming at Addison and Andrew. Once again, I felt rage come throughout my body. How dare he yell at his kids! But I tried to stay calm. Maybe he was just angry about something at work?

But then he slapped Addison. I was forced to watch as their dad hurt Addison and Andrew. Eventually, he passed out on the couch.

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The next morning, I woke up to crying from the twins. I looked outside to see a huge red stain on the couch, where their dad passed out.

But he wasn't there.

Where was he? I just wanted to go up to the twins and comfort them. They called the police. While waiting for the police to come, I started to notice that they were starting to get scared of shadows. They jumped when they saw any kind of shadow, and they made sure to stay as far away from closets as possible. I was confused. What happened that made them so afraid of shadows and closets? They were never scared of those things before.

I looked down at myself, and noticed that I was covered in the same red liquid from a few days ago. I snuck out and washed myself up, somehow without getting noticed.

The police eventually arrived, and the twins were led out of the house by some sort of lady. I got into my shadow form and followed them. When they noticed their own shadows, they screamed in terror for a second. I was heartbroken at how terrified they were.

I'm writing this inside of some strange building. I followed the twins here, and I ended up here. I'm typing this on some random computer.

So I have a question. Why are the twins suddenly so scared of shadows and closets? What's the red liquid I keep seeing whenever someone goes missing?

Why can't I get this iron taste out of my mouth? How can I protect the twins from whatever is going on around here?

...Why are people scared of monsters?

Part 2:

For what felt like hours, I watched people enter and exit the room where the twins were. Finally, I watched as two people entered the room where the twins were. Addison and Andrew looked up at the lady, confused. The lady introduced herself as Mrs. Williams and introduced the man beside her as their uncle. The man gave them a friendly smile, and Mrs. Williams explained that they were going to be living with their uncle. Addison gave him a nervous smile, while Andrew didn't even look at him.

The man helped carry Andrew and Addison's bags to what I assume to be his car. The twins followed him nervously while jumping at the slightest of sounds. I followed them and snuck inside the car with them in my shadow form.

The whole ride was filled with an awkward silence. Andrew looked out the window the entire time, while Addison hugged her stuffed teddy bear. The man stayed quiet, and just focused on driving.

Eventually, the man parked near a house in the woods. The house looked very old, but at the same time, well taken care of. The lawn was really green, and flowers were grown around the lawn. The house looked really welcoming, despite the unsettling location.

Addison and Andrew pulled out their bags from the car, and walked up to the entrance. The man fumbled with the keys before getting to a key and unlocking the door. I slipped inside the house undetected.

The place was really clean and everything was organized. Not a speck of dirt was anywhere. The man told the twins to sit down on the couch while he brought their bags to the guest room. I followed the man and snuck inside the closet.

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The closet was really small, both due to the amount of clothes in there and the size, but I didn't mind. It's just another thing that I had to do to make sure that the twins were safe. But I was going to miss the old house.

While the man unpacked their bags for the twins, I looked around the closet I would be staying in for a while. The closet was filled with women's clothing, and boxes full of jewelry were all over the floor. But the thing that caught my attention was a photo of a woman.

The woman was wearing a diamond necklace and was wearing a blue dress. The woman looked to be in her early 30s. She had long dirty blonde hair and bright blue eyes. She was wearing a wedding ring on her finger.

Was this the guy's wife?

The man finished unpacking and went downstairs. I heard him turning on the oven, so I assumed that he was cooking dinner. I turned into my shadow form and went downstairs.

The twins were watching the local news. The news was talking about Andrew's missing friends and the twin's missing father. They were both crying and hugging each other, and for the millionth time today, my heart broke into pieces.

I had to protect them from whatever is causing the disappearances.

I wanted to go up and hug them. Tell them that everything was going to be ok. But I couldn't, because then I was going to get found out.

The twins ate dinner with the man and they went to bed. They had trouble going to sleep, but they eventually fell asleep. I didn't get much sleep that night.

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The next day, the twins went back to school. I snuck inside the car with them. Like yesterday, the car was filled with an awkward silence. They eventually arrived, and they exited the car with their backpacks. I followed them in my shadow form.

Both of the twins got sympathetic looks from classmates, teachers, and staff while walking down the hall. When they got to their class, their teacher walked up to them and told them that if they needed someone to talk to, she was available. I was happy that they can get some help. These past few days must've terrified them.

For a few hours, I tiredly watched in my shadow form the twins copy things on a piece of paper and do things that the teacher told them to do. Eventually, lunchtime came around.

The twins got their lunch, and sat down at different tables. While Addison was eating her lunch, a few kids sprinted over to Addison and pulled her off her seat. "Loser!" One of the kids yelled at her. Addison slowly got up and started crying due to a scrape on her leg.

One thing I noticed was that no one bothered to step in. I would even go as far as to say that the other kids looked scared and nervous. How long has this been going on? "What are you going to do now? Cry to your nonexistent dad?" Another one of the kids taunted. Once again, I felt rage come in through my entire body.

Addison ran off and went to the nurse's office to treat her wound. I snuck inside the janitor's closet to rest. I was getting tired.

The last thing I heard before drifting to sleep was the laughter of the kids from before.

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I woke up to a horrified scream. The janitor was standing in the doorway, looking at the mess. The exact same liquid I saw when people go missing was everywhere in the closet. The people in the comments of my last post told me that the red liquid was called blood.

The janitor immediately ran away from the closet. I noticed that I was covered in “blood” so I grabbed a sponge from a bucket filled with water and quickly washed it off of me.

A few minutes later, everyone was being escorted out of the school by police officers. I went outside too, and watched from a distance. Students were crying. I really wanted to just walk up to everyone and hug everyone. Tell them that everything was going to be alright.

A few minutes went by, and the man arrived and told the twins to get in. I went in with them, and he started driving.

The twins sobbed while hugging each other. It broke my heart to see them like this. We eventually arrived back to the house, and everyone got out.

The man told them to go rest. The twins nodded, and went back to the guest room, with me following them. I snuck back into the closet.

The twins kept on crying while hugging each other for a few minutes, and then Addison asked Andrew a question.

“Are we bad luck..?” Addison asked. That question shattered my heart into millions of pieces.

I then started to cry. Of course they weren’t bad luck! Something strange is going on around here, and I was going to protect them.

“Of course not! A killer is on the loose. The police are going to catch them. I promise.” Andrew promised.

I then realized something. Every time someone went missing, I was there.

...Was I possibly bad luck?

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A few uneventful hours went by. Addison and Andrew ate their dinner, and went to bed. I snuck out of the closet and slipped under the front door. I then started walking around the forest.

I just needed to think.

I got into my true form. The 10 foot monster that haunted people’s nightmares. The 10 foot monster about the same exact height as the trees. The 10 foot monster that terrified people to the bone.

I hated my appearance.

Addison’s question replayed over and over in my head. Whenever someone went missing, I was present. Whenever someone went missing, “blood” was all over the place they last were. The “blood” was also all over me whenever someone went missing.

Was I the cause of all this?

I tried to push the thought to the back of my mind. I would never hurt a human! At least, not intentionally...

I sat down near a tree and thought about it more and more. I tried shoving the idea of me being bad luck and being the possible cause of this mess to the back of my mind, but the idea kept on coming back.

I looked up at the moon, and noticed that it was 3 AM.

I need to go back to the house soon.

Part 3:

I snuck back into the house in my shadow form. No one was awake yet, since it was only 5 AM. I have been outside for hours. I was tired. I snuck by the man's room, and snuck into the closet of the guest room.

I read some of your comments from my previous posts, and some of you suggested to leave a note for the twins explaining who I am. So I grabbed a small paper, a pen, and I started writing.

"Dear Addison and Andrew,

Hello! My name is Shadow. I'm a shadow monster that has been living with you since you were born. But I'm not here to hurt you! I'm here to protect you. I just can't reveal myself right now. Sorry! Something strange and scary is going on around here. And I'm determined to protect you two from it! I won't let anything happen to you. I promise.

Sincerely, Shadow"

I finished writing the note and I quickly put it next to the bedside lamp. I slipped back into the closet, and started waiting for them to wake up.

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A few hours later, the twins sleepily woke up and got dressed, not seeing the note. Maybe they didn't notice the note? They ate breakfast and went to school, with me following them into the car.

The car ride was filled with an awkward silence. No one spoke at all. The man didn't turn on the radio, or made any attempt to start conversation with the twins. The twins just stared out the window the whole car ride.

They grabbed their backpacks and stepped out of the car, with me in tow. They walked down the halls, but I noticed something. Everyone seemed nervous and scared. The atmosphere was dark, eerie. Like something bad was about to happen at any minute.

Was it because of yesterday?

They don't have to worry! I'll protect them from whatever is taking people! I promised in my note! The twins entered the same classroom they did yesterday.

The teacher closed the door and locked it, still looking as nervous and on edge as ever.

For the next few hours, I watched the twins do their work while on edge. The teacher kept on looking outside. The students jumped at the slightest of sounds. Some of the students I saw yesterday didn't even show up to school. It was

heartbreaking to see..

At lunchtime, no one talked. The atmosphere was dark, creepy, and sad. Everyone just looked around nervously, as if they were waiting for something to happen. Everyone was tense, and no one even made a peep.

The school didn't allow recess that day. They were too scared for the students' safety to let anyone outside. I didn't blame them. I was scared for the students' safety too..

The atmosphere was the same for the rest of the day. At the end of the day, everyone shuffled out of the school. No laughter, no talking, no excitement that the school day was over, nothing. I really wanted to cheer everyone up. Tell them that they are safe. But I couldn't..

The man parked his car and let the twins inside. I snuck in with them. I sat next to the man, and kept a close eye on the kids. The car ride was filled with an awkward, eerie silence. It felt like when they moved in with the man, but worse. Way worse. The man didn't once glance at the twins.

When they got home, the twins ran upstairs to the guest room. The twins looked on the bedside table, and noticed my note. They picked it up, and started reading.

After reading the note, I noticed that they were starting to panic. I guess they were scared at the idea of being watched. I started crying. Did they hate me? Did I do anything wrong?

Am I just what humans see me as?

A ~~monster~~.

Were they scared of me?

Am I bad luck?

The twins jumped up and started looking for me. The twins looked under their bed, in the drawers, even under their pillows! I got into my shadow form and hid just before the twins threw open the closet doors. I didn't want to scare them.

The twins sprinted out the room, holding the note, and down the stairs. I got in my shadow form, and went downstairs.

The twins were watching TV while looking behind them every few minutes.. The twins were barely even focused on the TV. The man didn't even pay any attention to the terrified twins just a few feet away from him. I just wanted to go and comfort them. Tell them that they were safe. That no one was going to hurt them on my watch. But I couldn't ...

I snuck out of the house, and into the forest.

After walking through the forest for a few minutes, I thought more and more. Five people went missing in the last week or so. There was something called "blood" whenever they went missing...

Are they injured?

I thought about the whole entire school day. This was getting so bad, that the students were scared. They no longer felt safe at the school. Some kids didn't even go to school. Their parents were too scared to let them go to school.

This town has gone from a happy, safe place to Death town in just one week. People were going missing, officers were working themselves to the bone to look for the missing people, and everyone was terrified that they were going to be next.

This had to stop.

After thinking about it more and more, I finally came up with an idea. It's a very stupid idea, one that could possibly get me killed, but my own safety was the very last thing on my mind. I needed to protect the humans. I needed to protect the twins. I needed to protect my family.

I'm going to look for the person behind all of this.

Part 4:

I sat under a tree, in the forest, holding a pen, and a piece of paper that I got from the house. On the paper was the word "Suspects" written at the top, underlined.

I stared at the paper, mind completely blank. Then I started to think about the comments the people left in my last few posts. A ton of them said that I was a suspect. Some of them came up with a few theories.

Was I the ~~cause of all this~~ 

I didn't want to believe that I was doing all of this. I have always been afraid of hurting people. So I tried not to think about it all that much. Like a stupid coward.

That is a horrible example to set for the twins.

If I wanted to solve this mystery, I had to list all suspects. So I wrote my name as the top suspect on that list, even though I hated the thought of me hurting someone.

I thought about how distant and strange the uncle was acting. There was something off about the uncle. So I wrote "Twin's uncle" under my name.

I flipped the paper over and wrote "What we know" at the top of the page, underlining it.

I wrote "There is always blood at the scene" as the first thing. Below that, I wrote "It always happens after I go to sleep and they are near me".

For the next hour or so, I listed down everything I knew. Like the victims' names, dates of their disappearances, estimates of the times they went missing, even the aftermaths of the disappearances.

When I was finished, I folded the papers and tried figuring out where to put them. (I can't carry things in my shadow form). I walked back to the house, and put the papers under a rock, where I knew they would be safe. The twins were at school, and that uncle was still at the house.

I snuck back in the closet and waited for the twins to come back. I decided to see if I was possibly the one doing it, like the people in the comments are saying. I read and reread the notes I made for about an hour until I had all of the notes I made memorized.

After about an hour later, I heard the uncle going outside and starting the car. He must be going to pick the twins up from school. I decided to look around the uncle's room. The uncle had been acting extremely distant and strange these past few days.



I snuck into the uncle's room and started looking. I opened a junk drawer in the closet and found nothing in there. Just a bunch of wrappers in there.

I looked on the bedside table, and found the picture of the exact same woman I found in the guest room. The woman was wearing an orange striped dress and a bunch of jewelry. She had a huge, genuine smile on her face.

Who was this woman that I kept seeing so much in pictures? What happened to her? Where is she? I put the picture down, thinking that I was asking too many questions about the woman. Maybe it was a family member or something? If she was, how come I have never seen or heard about her at the old house?

About half an hour later, I heard the front door opening and closing, and the sound of footsteps walking in the house. The twins must be home. I wondered if they had a good school day.

I slipped out of the room in my shadow form and went downstairs, to see Andrew asking the uncle if he can go to the park. The uncle nodded, without even looking at him. Does the uncle even care about them?

I watched as Andrew threw open the front door and walked outside. Addison started doing her homework after Andrew left. The uncle was still making dinner, so I decided to look around the house some more.

I snuck through the kitchen and went to the dining room. A wooden table was right in the middle of the room, and wooden chairs were around the table. The tablecloth had a flower pattern on it, with a few stains from food.

One of the plans I came up with was to stay up all night to see if anyone went missing the next morning. That plan was to see if I was a possible suspect, since it seems to only happen when I'm asleep. I'll do that plan when I get mad at someone.

I didn't find anything that would help in the case in the dining room. I snuck outside the dining room and found a strange door that I have never seen before. I guessed it led to the basement.

I snuck under the door, and what I saw will forever haunt my nightmares.

It was the woman from the picture's dead body. It looked like she was stabbed multiple times. Her stomach was cut open, and I noticed that a few of her organs were missing. Her eyes were gouged out, and all of her fingers and toes were removed. Her fingers and toes were in a pile nearby. It looked like she had been tortured before her death. And that she had been dead for a while. The room had a putrid and horrible smell, causing me to vomit in a trash can.

I was frozen in fear. Who knew humans can be so awful? Who murdered her? Why did they murder her? I never seen her enter the house, so that means that she was already dead before the twins' arrival. I tried to look away. I wanted to look away. But I couldn't, no matter how hard I tried.

Then I felt the familiar feeling of rage. What kind of horrible monster would do this to someone? Who would torture an innocent woman like that? Who did this to her?

I guess I'm not sleeping tonight.

I quickly slid from below the door, and passed the uncle in the kitchen. I slid under the back door, and ran.

Ran as far away from the house as possible.

Ran as far away from him as possible.

How could someone do that to another human? Why would those people let the twins near that horrible person? If I could even call the uncle a person.

I sat down near a tree, and let it all out. I sobbed for what felt like hours, but I was out there for only a few minutes. When I ran out of tears, I thought of a story I used to hear the twins' mother tell them all the time. I think it was called Hansel and Gretel? Anything to distract myself from the horror I saw in the basement.

I remember that I used to be happy when I heard that Hansel and Gretel got a happy ending the first time I heard the story. I remember the twins being happy too. Even when they heard that exact same story millions of times, they always found themselves smiling at the end of it. I always thought that everyone deserved a happy and joyful ending.

But now... I find myself questioning if happy endings do even exist.

Part 5:

"911, what's your emergency?" The 911 operator asked. A bunch of people suggested to call "911", so I borrowed a phone from the kitchen to call the number.

"Woman. Base.....ment." I managed to spit out. Though, it took a bit more effort to pronounce the word "basement".

"There's a woman in the basement?" The operator asked.

"Yes." I replied.

"Can you tell me your location?"

"1... 2... 3... Apple..... Ber...ry... Street."

"Ok. I'm sending the police right now. Is she injured?"

"Dead." I responded.

The uncle was taking the twins to school, so nobody was home when I called 911.

"The woman is dead?" The operator asked.

"Yes." I answered.

"I'm going to need you to stay on the phone with me. Do you know who the killer is?" The operator questioned.

"No." I knew for a fact that the uncle did it, but I had no proof. I needed to find some proof that the uncle did it.

"When did you find the body?" The operator

"Yes... ter... day..." I replied. The operator must've thought that I was an idiot if it took me that long to respond to her questions.

"How long was the body there for?" The operator asked.

"I.. don't know." I answered. I knew nothing about the woman other than that she's in a ton of photographs.

"Do you know who she is?" The operator asked. I didn't know anything about her other than I seen her in a few photos.

ographs.

“Lady... in... pic... tures...” I replied. I didn’t know if that was going to help much, but that was the only information I had about her.

“You’ve seen her in pictures?” The operator asked, confused.

“Yes.” I replied.

“Can you tell me more about the lady in the pictures?” The operator asked.

“No. Don’t know.” I answered.

“You don’t know anything about the lady in the pictures?” The operator questioned.

“I don’t...” I responded.

We talked for a few more minutes, until the police arrived. The uncle arrived about a minute later, only to see the police knocking on his door.

The uncle nervously opened the door, and the police started searching the house. One officer went down to the basement, and showed the other officers. The other officers went back upstairs, and arrested the uncle.

An officer went upstairs to search the rooms, and I followed him in my shadow form. The police officer entered the guest bedroom, where the twins were staying. I watched as he searched the room, putting things in plastic bags. One of those things was the picture of the lady.

The police officer opened a drawer, and pulled out a drawing of me. There were a few things missing in the picture, but it was clear that it was supposed to be a picture of me. He looked at the picture, confused before putting it in a plastic bag and going downstairs.

I followed the officer downstairs, and slipped into one of the police cars. The officer entered the car and started driving it.

The car ride was painfully silent. I sat in the back seat in my shadow form while the officer drove.

The officer drove to the school and exited the vehicle. Another car arrived, and a woman exited the car. They both entered the school, with me in tow. I saw them say something to the front office, and the front desk called Addison and Andrew to the front.

I watched as the officer and the woman told Addison and Andrew what happened. Addison looked shocked and scared, while Andrew started getting a bit frustrated.

The woman led the twins outside, with me following them. I snuck in the car with the twins and watched the woman get in the front seat.

The car ride was filled with an awkward silence for a few minutes, before Andrew broke the silence.

“Why is everyone dying around us?” Andrew asked, confused and scared. “First, my friends went missing. Then our dad goes missing. After that, two kids went missing from school. Now, our uncle murdered someone. All of that happened in about a week or so. This can’t be a coincidence.”

“I know this is very weird and scary, but I promise the police is working on solving all of the disappearances.” The woman replied. “I’m sure that it has nothing to do with you two.”

“This is starting to feel more like Death Town...” Addison mumbled under her breath. The rest of the car ride went back to that familiar awkward silence. Addison looked out the window, while Andrew tried to do his homework.

About 10 minutes went by before the woman parked the car in a parking lot. It took me a few seconds before I realized that it was the exact building the twins were at before going to that uncle’s house. The woman opened the door, letting the twins out.

The twins exited the car before going inside the building, with me in tow. The woman led the twins to a room with a table and a few chairs. She told them to sit down at the table.

She asked them a few questions, like if the uncle ever hurt them physically, if he ever showed some weird behavior, and a few other questions. After about 10 minutes or so, the officer who found that picture of me entered the room, holding the drawing.

He put the picture in front of them, and started to ask the twins a ton of questions about it. I can see why the police would think that the picture of me was strange and disturbing, since kids normally don’t draw things as creepy as that.

“Who’s that supposed to be?” The officer asked.

“It’s just from a nightmare.” Addison answered.

“What was the nightmare about?” The woman asked.

“Just... About being chased in the woods.” Addison replied. I could tell that she didn’t want to talk about it.

At first, the twins didn’t want to answer any of the other questions the officer and the woman asked, but after a few minutes of them asking questions, they cracked.

“That’s the monster we see outside in the woods every now and then.” Andrew finally responded.

Part 6:

I observed the woman and the police officer exit the room. The twins quietly sat at the table, staring out the window. Almost as if they were waiting to see someone.

I was still on edge since seeing that dead body. So I slid under the door and went out the front door. I made a mental note of the location of the building and started “walking”.

I thought about what happened a few hours ago. I just called the police on the twins’ uncle! Where are they going to live now? They must be so confused about everything.

They have already lost their dad, friends, and watched kids from their school go missing! Everything must be making them so scared. I couldn’t help but feel responsible for everything. I was supposed to protect people, but instead I just screwed around!

I walked for hours. By the time I finally stopped to take a break, it was already sunset. I “sat” on the sidewalk, letting my mind wander. Did I fail? Did I fail as a protector? Of course I did. No good protector lets all of those people die in a week or two.

I turned around, and realized where I was. I was in front of the forest. The night sky was devoid of any stars, so the forest gave off an eerie feeling.

I knew that I should've went back to watch over the kids, but something drew me to the forest. Hesitantly, I stepped into the forest, and started walking.

After a few minutes of walking, I decided to change back to my real form. I switched back to my true form, and started walking, occasionally getting hit with a branch.

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I walked for what felt like hours, staring ahead of me. The branches of the trees occasionally scratched me, and occasionally left a cut somewhere on my body.

I couldn't see anything. There was nothing to illuminate the path in front of me. No moon, no stars, nothing.

There was one thing that I've noticed. The deeper I went into the woods, the colder it got. I walked for a mile or so, until I came across a car.

The car looked like it was abandoned. It was in really rough shape, and there was nothing in the car that could've helped me return it to its original owner. Reluctantly, I crammed myself into the driver's seat, and turned it on.

I was extremely lucky that the car still ran. I somewhat knew how to drive from watching the twins' uncle drive, so I pressed on the brake and started driving.

The air started to get colder the deeper I got into the forest. I was in an uncomfortable position, so it was hard for me to keep an eye on the road. It started getting foggy, so I turned on the lights in the front of the car. I tried turning on the radio. I've seen it done before on TV, so I knew how to do it. Classical music is my favorite genre of music. And it was way too quiet, and I was starting to feel scared. But all I got was static when I turned it on.

I drove into the woods, and I heard movement through the trees. I silently hoped it was just some wild animals running around. I kept my focus on the road, hoping that the cold would go away.

As I drove deeper in the woods, I started thinking some... bad thoughts. I started hearing voices in my head, telling me to do bad things.

"Drive the car off the road." One voice said. I tried ignoring them, thinking that it was just what humans liked to call "intrusive thoughts". The movements in the woods became more audible, creeping me out even more.

I drove for about five minutes or so, until I saw something. At the corner of my eye, I saw a human with a monster.

The human's eyes were bulging out, and he had a wide smile on his face. He had black hair, and was wearing a green plaid button-up shirt. He was wearing jeans and shiny black shoes. The monster looked to be one of those furry monsters. Their fur was a dark gray color, and it looked like it hadn't been washed in years. The monster stared at me, with no emotion anywhere on its face. I noticed that the human hadn't blinked once.

I immediately looked away, and put my focus back on the road. I drove for a minute or so, but I started hearing someone whispering into my ear. I felt their breath in my ear, but I didn't look. Whoever they were, I didn't want to know.

I felt them shake violently in the car seat. I refused to look behind. I kept my focus on the road, ignoring the sinking

feeling in my chest.

The air started to get colder, and colder. I turned on the heat. It helped a little bit, but not much. I still felt the person-or thing's presence in the backseat. I didn't look.

I was really starting to miss the twins. I just wanted to be near them. I loved them so much. I haven't slept last night, so I was really sleepy. I checked the time. It was 12:07 AM.

After a few minutes of driving, a monster ran in the road. It looked to be a baby shadow monster. I grabbed the steering wheel to avoid it, but the thing in the backseat grabbed it first and turned the car to where it was driving towards the monster.

I started freaking out. I tried yanking the hand off the steering wheel, but it was no use. Their hands held firmly on the wheel. When the car was in front of the monster, I looked away. I didn't want to look.

I heard roaring, so I looked up. The monster grew into a 13 foot tall monster, and it started screeching and stomping on the road. I started screaming too, out of fear. I was terrified for the monster. Did it get injured? The thing took its hand off the steering wheel, and I checked the shadow monster for any injuries. Luckily, there were none that I could see.

The shadow monster screeched while running back into the woods, and I felt the thing's presence leave the backseat. I blinked back tears, and started driving again.

I drove until I saw something move. I exited the vehicle, and noticed that it was in worse condition than before. I took a deep breath, and started walking.

While walking, I thought of the twins. Of the mystery I was so determined to solve. Of what happened while I was driving. I was so close to solving this mystery, but was it worth it?

I walked ahead for an hour or so, until I heard chanting. I stopped dead in my tracks, frozen in fear. Reluctantly, I stepped forward, and saw what would haunt my nightmares for the rest of my life.

Humans and monsters were in a circle, chanting in some weird language. A human child was tied to a piece of wood above a fire. What fueled the fire was both human and monster guts. The boy was screaming and crying, screaming for their mommy. A pile of rotting, dead bodies was right next to one of the people in the circle. Upon closer inspection, I noticed the twins' dad, and Andrew's friends. Their dead bodies rotted in the pile, along with the other humans and monsters.

I let out a high pitched screech, and charged forward. I don't know what happened in those few minutes, since I was blinded with rage. All I remember was that I was standing in the middle of a dozen bodies a few minutes later. Both human and monster. I was covered head to toe in blood, both from human and monster. I was still high on adrenaline, but I took a cautious step towards the boy, who was now sobbing. I raised my hands up, to show that I wasn't going to hurt him.

I carefully untied the boy. The boy, terrified, ran away from the scene. I then turned my focus towards those monsters.

"WHY?!" I screamed at the bodies. "WHY DID YOU DO THIS?! THE KID IS A LIV...ING BE...ING!" I screamed at the top of my lungs. I stomped on one of their heads and fled the scene.

How could humanity let something like this happen to their own kind?

How could monsters take part in something so horrible?

I ran for what felt like hours, until I saw human and monster footprints. From that human and monster that I saw earlier.

I started kicking the dirt, destroying the footprints. After a minute, there was no footprints. Still, I kept on kicking the dirt.

Out of rage, I punched a tree but yelled in pain. The tree shook a little bit, sticks raining on the ground. I grabbed a stick and started scratching myself until I started bleeding. I hated myself for doing what I promised myself that I would never do.

Hurting another living being.

All my life, I loved humanity. I believed that people could become better people. I believed that there was good in everyone.

All my life, I was looking at humanity through rose colored glasses.

“WHY WOULD YOU FUCKING LET THIS HAPPEN?!” I screamed, tears rolling down my face. At humanity. At the monsters. At myself. I threw the stick in a random direction and started running. I ran for another hour or so, until I found the car. I entered the vehicle, and started the car. Right when I heard the police sirens.

I need to go back to the twins.

Part 7:

I was on autopilot the whole time I was driving. Weird thing was, the whole time I was driving, there were no... distractions. I didn't see any monsters, no hand took over the steering wheel, nothing.

I only realized that I was lost when I passed by the same tree for the 15th time. I decided walk instead of drive, so I parked the car and threw open the door.

I listened to the leaves and sticks crunching under my feet as I marched through the dark woods. There wasn't a single star in the night sky, but despite that, it felt... suspiciously peaceful. I felt the cold, September air against my “skin”.

I was just waiting- expecting something to suddenly just jump out at me, but oddly enough, it never happened. I kept walking for who knows how long, until I saw flashing red and blue lights in the distance.

I sprinted over to the source of the light, and found the cult I found earlier. This time, police were scattered everywhere, examining dead bodies. There were also a few other people there. They were holding huge cameras, and a few people had microphones and were talking. One officer was comforting the kid I freed a few hours ago.

The kid was sobbing. I watched helplessly as the kid jumped at the slightest of sounds. The kid must've been traumatized by the whole experience.

I snuck into an officer's vehicle, and waited for an officer to start driving. I waited there for two hours before an officer walked to the car and drove off.

The whole ride was dead silent. The officer drove out of the forest (which took a few hours) and made it back to town. I looked out the window, and watched the sun rise. It must've been morning.

Eventually, the officer pulled into a parking lot. When the officer opened the car door, I zipped out of there. I recognized the place as the police station.

I started walking to where I knew the twins were. I thought about everything. Eventually, I thought of something that I didn't have the answer to.

If I didn't kill them, then what was that weird red stuff on me?

I figured that I would find out from when I discovered that cult, but I didn't. Maybe I would find out from the officers.

I eventually found the twins. They were watching the local news. But I froze when I saw what was on the news.

It was about the cult in the forest. The reporters talked about the footprints that led to the bodies. When they showed the footprints, I recognized them as mine.

They theorized that the footprints were from the murderer that killed everyone, and the murderer was a monster themselves. I got a bad sinking feeling in my chest, when I realized that they were going to hunt me down.

They showed pictures of the cultists, and suspects, and I saw the picture of the lady in the pictures back at the uncle's house on the screen. I remembered that both the uncle and the lady had wedding rings, so my theory that they were married was correct.

Was it possible that he killed his own wife because he found out that she was a member of the cult?

I tried to keep calm, but I couldn't. I just killed all of those people and monsters. And I got one of the twins' relatives arrested. I sat down and hid, watching the twins.

I sat there, watching the twins for hours. They were slowly starting to get better. I can tell because they weren't so jumpy anymore. Eventually, the woman walked in with a woman and a man. Since they both had wedding rings on, I could tell that they were married.

The woman told the twins that the man and the woman were going to look after them. The twins and I followed the man and the woman to the car. I managed to squeeze in there.

The whole car ride was silent, except the car radio that played music. The twins stared out the window, the man was driving, and the woman was on her phone.

Eventually, the man parked in a garage. The home was in a nice, small neighborhood. The house had a modern look to it, and the yard was taken care of. The house looked beautiful.

The couple and the twins exited the car, and I followed them into the house. The woman told them that they can take their luggage to the guest room, and the man went to go buy groceries.

The twins went upstairs, and began unpacking. They put their clothes in the wardrobe, and put their things on a desk. I watched from inside the closet.

The rest of the night was peaceful. The couple were really warm and welcoming to the twins. They ate dinner, watched some TV, and went to bed.

The twins quickly fell asleep in the guest room. I got into a comfortable position, and went to sleep.



I was woken up by shuffling in the closet. I looked around, and noticed something moving around in the closet with me. Maybe it was a mouse? I looked closer, and realized that it wasn't a mouse.

It was my own shadow.

It slid under the door, so I sneakily followed it out of the closet. It led me to the bedroom, where the couple was sleeping.

It slowly morphed into a large monster. It a tiny bit see through, and was about 6 feet tall. It had pitch black eyes.

I quickly identified the type of monster.

It was an impersonator monster.

An impersonator monster can morph into anything. It can morph into objects, people, animals, even shadows. They just don't have the abilities the person/thing they are impersonating have. So that explains why my own shadow never went away, even at when there's no light.

I slowly morphed into my real form. I towered over the impersonator monster. But even then, the monster didn't seem intimidated at all.

I quickly grabbed the impersonator and quietly sprinted out with it. I threw open the window, and stepped outside, closing the door behind me.

"Who are you and... what are.. you doing here?" I asked. The impersonator stared straight into my eyes. I tried to put a brave face on, but I was actually terrified.

"I'm just the one who's been following you around. Haven't you been following your kids around for years?" The impersonator asked.

I remembered the red stuff that was always on me every time someone went missing, and put two and two together.

"You're the one... killing them... Aren't you?" I asked. "You're part of... cult... Aren't you?"

The impersonator did a slow clap that lasted for a couple seconds with a cheeky smile on his face.

"Yep. Murder is always messy. That's why there's always blood on you every time someone goes missing around you. And with the iron taste in your mouth... You sleep with your mouth open." The impersonator clarified.

"But... Why do you... always... go after... people that hurt twins?" I asked.

"Because then you would be a suspect." The impersonator answered. "Of course, I thought that an actual detective would be solving the case. Not you and a bunch of strangers on the internet. And yes, I know about those posts. Those posts are pretty much slander, you know." The impersonator rolled his eyes.

"But... What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Kill the couple." The impersonator responded.

"But why?!" I asked.

“Because they are going to hate you after this. I’ll make sure of it.” The impersonator responded. “I bet they already hate you.”

“No! No they don’t!” I didn’t want them to hate me.

“Yes they do.” The impersonator started to turn around to go back inside (possibly to kill the couple), but I grabbed them before they went in.

“Shut up! SHUT UP!” I yelled. I threw him on the ground, and kept on punching, kicking, and stomping on him.

It wasn’t long before they were severely damaged.

After a minute or two, I finally stopped, and stared in horror at what I’ve done.

I heard footsteps come from behind, and a door opening. I then heard a high pitched scream.

I turned around to see Addison and Andrew, staring at me. I was covered in the monster’s blood.

“Addison.. Andre-“

“GO AWAY! YOU MONSTER!” Andrew yelled. His face was red with anger.

“YOU MURDERER!” Addison screamed while sobbing.

I heard the couple come downstairs, but I’m pretty sure they haven’t seen me; I was gone by then.

I ran away from the house, sobbing. The twins hate me. I didn’t even care that I wasn’t even in my shadow form. It didn’t matter anyway.

While I was running, the twins’ words kept repeating in my head.

Monster.

Murderer.

They hate me now. They hate me.

I ran for hours. Even though I was exhausted, I kept on running.

I eventually found myself at the forest. I sprinted in there, not caring that I was getting smacked by the branches.

I eventually slowed down, and I found myself at a river. I laid down, exhausted. I listened to the river, while a million thoughts went through my mind.

I got the twins’ relative arrested.

I was getting followed by a impersonator monster all my life.

And now... The twins hate me.

I sat up, and watched the moon and the river. The river glimmered under the moon. The moon seemed to shine extra bright that night.

While the sound of the river flowing was loud, it was also calming. I calmly listened to the river. I always loved water.

If I don't answer anyone's comments, just assume that I